

FASHION S FROLIC

UNDER THE BUTTERCUPS

Once not so long ago there lived a little girl named Einakie with her unicorn named Henrietta, and Einakie and Henrietta lived under a buttercup in the middle of the forest. All day long they played at keeping house and at going to school. But Einakie was very sad. And poor Henrietta didn't know what to do to keep her little miserable little creature if only on her was, and life hung heavily on her shoulders.

Henrietta was simply frantic and one day in the woods when life was almost more than she could bear, she encountered a strange sight... a chiffon tree. And being a hospitable soul Henrietta stopped to chat. For the tree was obviously a newcomer in that vicinity. And at last Henrietta discovered that the tree was acquainted with some very excellent and capable psychologists... in fact the tree, whose name was Lewis, had dabbled a bit in psychology itself and together the two friends figured out what would be nice for Einakie... and what would make her happy.

One of the questions that Lewis, the tree, asked was, "What sort of clothes does Einakie wear?"

And Henrietta burst out laughing. "Clothes? Clothes? Ha... Hee... Ha... Hal Einakie! Why Einakie never had on a stitch of clothes in all her life... Ha... Hee... Ha... Hal!"

over. "No clothes," said he. "Every woman wants clothes. Every little girl wants clothes. Even if she is only two inches high she must have clothes. Be off. Go to the city. Buy your little mistress some clothes."

So off trotted Henrietta... tlick... tlick... tlick... tlick off to the city. And in and out of shops she trotted as only a unicorn can trot.

First there were dresses to consider... There was a red wool shirt waist for \$25. It had a blue suede jerkin and was simply wonderful-looking (1) Then for a suit. The decision went to a herringbone tweed about \$30—brown and green (2). Henrietta was happy; but a unicorn is never satisfied and Henrietta just had to find a dinner dress for Einakie. That wasn't hard. She chose a black taffeta shirtwaist dress with a striped taffeta jerkin. The skirt was long and full (3). And the coat to go with it was red wool, double breasted with a tiny mink collar. Both were under \$30. (4).

"Oh happy day," breathed Henrietta, as only a unicorn can breathe. "There is only one other thing that I must get." And with that she hopped across the street and bought a silk house coat. It was blue and white striped with red lining and it cost only \$8.95. (5).

With that Henrietta trotted home and Einakie lived happily ever after under the buttercup.

—E. S. C.

- (1) Montaldos.
- (2) Ideal.
- (3) (4) Montaldos.
- (5) Jacards.

MEMOIRS OF A SALEM MAID

By Beece Thomas

Whatta life! Whatta place! Whatta week! One more like this last one and we'll all be ready for tombstones and lilies... Now, let's see, was it Monday or a year ago that those All Americans swooped down across our Salem hockey field and blazed a trail to the goal? Well, whenever it was, it's the first real hockey we've ever seen... The only French we remembered from high school was monsieur and mon argent, but that didn't keep us from laughing with the rest of 'em at the French play Tuesday morning. As a matter of fact, we'd almost pay money to see Louise Bralower do that strip-tease again... Eleanor Roosevelt had better look to her laurels as far as this business of public speaking is concerned. It has been a long time since we've enjoyed an expanded chapel as much as we did the speech contest... Methinks that ye olde Salem College will soon be standing in the midst of a young forest at the rate this tree-planting business is going. We really never believed that our nonchalant seniors could show such concern for a bit of vegetation... Confidentially, we believe that the roses of the week go to the Pierrettes for Hay Fever. Another play like that one and our case of hysterics will become chronic... But all this only begins things. Saturday night we'll make a last minute dash for the bus and go with the crowd to hear Mr. Pinzo at the Civic Music Concert... And you couldn't pay us to stay away from the Junior's waffle supper Sunday night... You know, when you think about it, this has been a pretty exciting week.

I DARE SAY



That you might have thought that the French showed some rare dramatic talent, but you really missed something if you didn't see Dr. Downs acting out every part behind the scenes — with much lifting of eyebrows and jerks of the head.

That we all heard varying comments concerning the Touring Hockey Team and their flashy red convertible, but all those oohs and ahs Monday afternoon were sincere expressions of admiration for their "oomph" on the hockey field.

That the Snavelys of the Brant Snavelys and Hugh Snavely of the Bookstore Snavelys have an elegant time addressing each other very formally when ever they meet as Mr. and Mrs. with the emphasis very much on the Snavely.

That someone on the stage at the speech contest Wednesday should have tried to expound a theory or develop a mathematical formula to explain just why five out of those six girls wore some shade of blue.

That only those people who know A. H. Eller, Jr., can appreciate his opening remarks in "Hay Fever" — "I'm in training. I don't drink."

glad I don't make my living this way—just do it for the good of the old Salemite and when Chub gets that look in here eye. Sprunt thought she had things all worked out last week-end at Carolina and so she had but Davidson happened to turn up too. Winston-Salemites are wondering just what Mary Louise Rousseau did to James G. to make him "feel so good" Saturday night... Now that last week-end is over we're just wondering if the high school romance of Jack Davis and Lil Sutton is about to blossom forth again. Some of us in S. Hall keep wondering why the benches in front of the telephone seems so interesting to Sue Forrest every morning... Clyde couldn't have anything to do with it. We heard tell that Doris Shores' Thanksgiving plans include a trip to Penn.

Overheard: Eugenia remarking that as long as she can't take Jake to the dance she will just take his best friend... Again we heard that Margaret Hollbrook is quite happy these days 'cause Jack is flunking—such loyalty!... Everybody's expecting Becky Kester to come back from her ramblings around the wrecks at Georgia Tech with a bouncing engineer... Last of all a good note to end on is that Barbara Lasley is still writing Jack Kenner's name on all her books...

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ROCKS AND ROSES

Alias
Has-Been Beaux and Arrows
Alias
"He Who Lives In A Glass House..."

Right now our social calendar and social sentiments seem to be pretty much agog... What with the Duke-Carolina upset, the re-iterating problem of two Thanksgivings, and the going-home to mama epidemic; we find ourselves in the inevitable muddle. In order to present our book of accounts in a lucid form 'twould seem that we should resort to the outline. (See Freshman English, Down's section). I. Duke-Carolina game.

We hear that Doris Schaver is still stumbling around in a dream... Couldn't have been the score that hit her that hard...

The Kernsies and the Carrs and the Coles were there, and there was a suite, sweet dinner party for their roommates.

Esther and Marvin braved both weather and fatigue and sat through all four quarters... Katharine King and date topped the game by going to Leaksville and going horsing. Ain't it romantique? ... But don't hold regrets if you didn't get there—"Twas the gridiron classic they'd hoped for. According to Thursday one scalper was down to 25c per ticket with a drink thrown in... And that ain't all that Thursday said—Should be called "purely Im—personal"...

II. Salem Day at Davidson. We understand that Katherine Snavely gets the prize for winding up with the cutest date. There must be something in a name—now. But she wouldn't even let him come over... Betty Barbour adhered to the "safety in numbers" theory. She had two... And Lena—Lena Winston—did we all see her in the paper descending the bus steps? Wasn't that just too—cute...

III. Thanksgiving. Myra Blunt is planning her every minute with Howard (58 Carolina team)... Casserole is tuning up on dear old Windsor again. Leb-

manites declare the next time she says Eden House again they're gonna take her out in the back yard and shoot 'er. Maybe Thanksgiving'll get it out of everybody's system—even if the moon won't be full... We'll be looking for Patterson, Belcher, and Mary O'Keefe in the news reels of the Army-Navy game. Don't disappoint us gals... Make yourselves obvious. You're our standard bearers—you know... Polly Herman takes a week instead of a week-end for the Democratic Thanksgiving and a wedding the family. Did Roosevelt set the date of that too!...

IV. Miscellaneous. Condolences to Mary Wilson who finds herself on the breaking point with Jim. Come on, try Lovers' Leap... we'll get the firemen to hold a net... Congrats: Betty Winbourne got a fraternity pin last week-end, but we ain't even seen what color yet... What's the mat-

ter—was your slip showing?... Little Yelverton is having Mac-Joe-Mav troubles again—and loving it! Maybe she should oughta learn to give only one date a night—sometimes—And Ceil, of course, is having hardware trouble again... Fact she lost the Delta Tau Delt pin that used to serve for a top button... It must be those Virginia boys—or maybe it's Salem girls. Margie and Ewing are not hearing from their week-end squires—and worrying about it... Remember the handsome blond at Sophomore court? Well, he's a-coming this week-end. Address all applications for introductions to Miss Evelyn Richard... Johnnie Moore is practicing up on the "ha Conga" so she can give the Charlotte boys the good old ONE-TWO when she gets there.

DAY STUDENTS

Ho hum, here we go again, I'm

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HENDERSON	3.55	Charleston, W. Va.	11.25
DURHAM	2.45	BLUEFIELD, W. VA.	5.85
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